

THE
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WINTER TERM-1915.



THE
Southampton University
.... College Magazine

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WINTER TERM - 1915.

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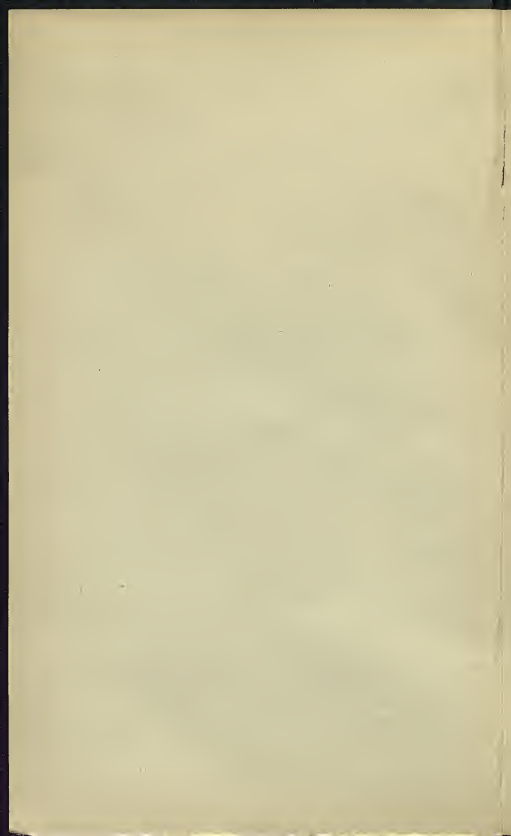
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THE SOUTHAMPTON University College Magazine.

= = *Editorial Notes.* = =

"Ave atque Vale."

THIS issue of the Mag. finds us with very mixed feelings. After this Term financial reasons will compel us to suspend publication for some considerable time. We take this opportunity of thanking those, but for whose aid the Mag. would have passed out of existence last year.

We fear that what welcome we can extend to the Juniors is but poor, but such as we can, we give them heartily; especially as it is to them we must look to a great extent to "carry on" at College this year. By the end of Term, the majority of the Senior men had left us to join the Army. Why did they go? Not in response to any impassioned appeal or to the promptings of pseudo-patriotic sentimentalism, but in the true College spirit that it was "up to them" to do it. To a College man that is one of the greatest appeals possible. We miss them sadly, but we are glad for what they have done, and can assure them that there will always be a warm welcome awaiting them whenever they can honour us with a visit.

The loss of so many Seniors throws upon the Juniors an unexpected responsibility. There is a danger, now that all those who knew the College in its old days are gone, that in the years to come its various traditions, so trivial to an outsider, yet so dear to us all, will be forgotten; and the many little customs that make College life so real to us will have vanished. We owe it to those who have gone, as well as to the College itself, that when, after the War is over, we meet again, as we surely shall, those who return will find it still the same College they knew in bygone days.

How can it be done? It may be of interest to state that a small volume has been prepared by two of the Third Year Men, giving a complete list of all the chief traditional customs of the Men of Hartley. This is being left with the M.R.C.,

so that when College life again resumes its normal proportions the old customs may be revived in all their former glory. But all this is of the future. What of the present?

Simply this. It is up to every man and woman in College to slip into it and see that what institutions we have left to us are kept alive. Now that numbers are so few the individual responsibility is greater than ever, and especially is this so of the women. To a great extent we look to them to carry things along; and may their efforts be crowned with success.

The College has indeed fallen upon difficult days, yet gloriously has she fallen; and we still trust, dark as the days may be, that through them all will shine clear the sure hope that in no far distant time she will once more tread the upward path upon which she was so steadfastly progressing. For the present she is marking time, but there must be no looking back. The spirit of Hartley must never quail. Men and Women of Hartley, it's up to you!

"Strenuis Ardua Cedunt."

E.H.F.B.



Since the appearance of our last issue, news has been received of the death at the front of Professor Starkey, whose career is noticed in another column, Mr. George Allan Barfoot and Mr. Harold S. Millard.

Mr. Barfoot, who was the son of Mr. George Barfoot, of Ventnor, was a student in the Engineering Department during the three years 1903-6. Soon after leaving College he became temporary assistant in the Engineering Department of the Islington Borough Council. In course of time he rose to the position of first assistant. About seven years ago he joined the Artists' Rifles, and on the outbreak of the war he went out to France with the battalion with the rank of sergeant. He obtained a commission in March, 1915, and was gazetted to the 3rd Battalion of the Worcester Regiment, in which he passed through some severe fighting. One of the fiercest struggles took place from the 15th to the 19th June, when three lines of trenches were captured from the enemy, who thereupon bombarded the Worcestershires for thirty hours. During seventy minutes of that time the German shells came at the unprecedented rate of ninety-six a minute. All the senior officers of Mr. Barfoot's company were killed, and the loss of men was heavy. Mr. Barfoot was left in command, and brought the remnant through the fight. In spite of the terrific bombardment, two of the trenches were retained, and the other would have been held but for a regiment which had

lost its officers having to retire before gas. "The General," wrote Mr. Barfoot in his last letter home, "came and spoke to us this morning and said that it had taught him one thing, and that was 'that the Worcesters cannot be broken.'" Mr. Barfoot received only a slight injury from a splinter of shell, though the same shell killed six men near him. The Worcesters left the trenches on the 19th to refit, but they were fighting again on the 21st, and it was whilst in command of his Company that he was killed in action on that day. He was twenty-nine years of age. "By his devoted and unselfish heroism in attempting to protect his wounded subaltern," wrote Captain Berington, "he has more than upheld the noblest traditions of the Regiment which was so proud to possess him." Mr. J. P. Barber, the Borough Engineer for Islington, in sending the news of Mr. Barfoot's death to the Islington Council, wrote that "he was an exceedingly capable engineer, with an all-round experience, very steady and reliable, very strong, and very patient, courteous and tactful. He was greatly respected and loved by his colleagues in every department of the Council's service, and he was a clean, bright, manly gentleman; a vigorous athlete, a fine shot, and in every respect a true Englishman."

Mr. Harold A. Millard, who was the son of Captain Millard, of the *Garth Castle*, entered as an engineering student in October, 1913. His career at the College, though brief, was highly promising, both in work and in sport. He played in both the football and the cricket teams in the seasons 1913-14, and was elected to a number of offices which he was not destined to fill, including the Vice-Captaincy of the Football Club, the Secretaryship of the Christian Union, and membership of the Scientific Society, Engineering Society, and Cricket Committees, and of the Men's Representative Council. He enlisted in September, 1914, in the Wessex Division of the Royal Engineers, but in August, 1915, he transferred to the Chemists' Section, Royal Engineers, as a Corporal. He went to France in September, and met with his death in action on October 13th. During a big gas attack, an accident occurred to the apparatus, and Millard was badly gassed in trying to save others from the same fate. He passed away soon afterwards. "His comrades," writes Lieutenant D. M. Wilson, "all speak very highly of him. During the short period that he was in my Section, he always worked hard, and was cheerful under all conditions. The whole Section was present at his burial the next day. It was a wonderfully impressive service in Cambrin Churchyard, near where he had fought so well. The great guns were firing over us, and

every now and then a spent bullet would sing over the heads of the little party of his comrades. So he lies on the battlefield; the little village church near by stands practically undamaged amongst the ruins all round—some strange chance has preserved it. . . . No man could have had a nobler end. He died doing his duty."

The opening of the session was marked by an increase in the number of women students, but the number of men students was naturally greatly reduced, and it has been further diminished during the term by enlistments. In another column we give a list of those students who have joined the forces since October. A complete list of members of the College, past and present, who are serving in the Army will be issued in due course. We may add here that Mr. N. F. Phillips, an engineering student, who was rejected for combatant service as medically unfit, owing to an operation which he underwent three years ago, gave up his summer vacation to work in France in connexion with the Y.M.C.A. as a driver of a motor lorry in which stores and provisions were taken to the huts. He returned to the College at the beginning of the term, but has again left to resume his amateur war service.

Mr. E. R. Marle, lecturer in Chemistry, left at the close of last term to join the Chemists' Section of the Royal Engineers, and is now in France; and during the term a number of members of the staff who are of military age have enlisted to be called up in their respective groups. Dr. Hill spent the long vacation as a medical officer on board a hospital ship.

Early in the vacation the manufacture of munitions was started in the Engineering Department under the superintendence of Professor Eustice, and he and several members of the staff who are resident in Southampton, with some assistance from students, devoted nearly the whole of the vacation to this labour. Other members of the staff and other students have joined in during the term, though the amount of time put in by individuals has necessarily been affected by the requirements of lectures. Men from outside also come in to learn how to do the work, and then pass on to

join the ranks of regular munition workers in other places. Most of the initial difficulties necessarily incident to such an undertaking have now been overcome, and a large number of shells is being turned out weekly.

The Government have decided to take over the stocks, so far as suitable, of field glasses, including prism binoculars, telescopes, and other optical instruments required for military and naval purposes, which are at present in the hands of dealers and manufacturers. The College has been selected as one of the centres for receiving and examining these instruments. The nearest other centres are London, Birmingham, and Bristol, and the area covered by the College includes the main part of the South of England. Instruments have already been received from Portsmouth, Brighton, Eastbourne, Chichester, and Aldershot to the east, and from Bournemouth and Weymouth to the west. The work is in the hands of Professor Stansfield, who is assisted by members of the Physics Staff, and also by Professor Watkin.

Miss E. Moore has been appointed Librarian of the College in succession to Miss Rudyard. Miss Moore was educated at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, and has had training in library work at Cheltenham.

Dr. Hill has been appointed to the local bench of magistrates—a selection which has been warmly welcomed in the town. For the past twenty-five years Dr. Hill has been a member of the Cambridge bench.

A work which has occupied a great deal of Dr. Hill's time and attention during the past year or so has been the second issue of the "Year Book of the Universities of the Empire," which has recently been published. The original editor for the volume was Mr. W. H. Dawson, who had resigned the post of Accountant-General of the Punjab for the purpose of acting as Assistant-Secretary to the Bureau of the Universities of the Empire, of which Dr. Hill is Honorary Secretary.

Immediately after the outbreak of the war, however, Mr. Dawson enlisted as a private. His brother, Mr. A. J. Dawson, the well-known novelist, and Assistant-Editor of the *Standard*, took his place, but within three weeks' time he followed Mr. W. H. Dawson's example. Since then both gentlemen have obtained commissions. Their departure threw upon Dr. Hill the whole of the work of editorship. The Year Book is a most comprehensive and useful volume, giving all the more important details of the University equipment of the various countries of the Empire, showing how it meets the needs of particular environments which call for special studies, and what response in attendance and results is made by the various communities. But the most notable feature of the present issue is the War Roll, which gives for each University and College the names of all members of staff who have joined the forces, and the number of students of the session 1913-14 who were known to be serving, *plus* the number of freshmen who had withdrawn for this reason. The list is a most striking one, remarkable alike for the proportion of members of staff, the number of commissions obtained, and the number of men "in the ranks."



At the annual meeting of the Southampton branch of the Geographical Association Miss A. G. Fox was re-elected Secretary, and Mr. C. B. Fawcett delivered a lecture on "Frontiers," in which he discussed the relative stability of the several kinds of political boundary.



In connexion with the 700th anniversary of Magna Carta, Dr. Horrocks gave a lecture on the subject before the Southampton Literary and Philosophical Society. Dr. Hill has been elected President of the Society in succession to Mr. A. W. Oke.



Professor Shelley is giving a course of lectures on educational principles for the requirements of teachers in Sunday Schools. He is also to deliver a series of Extension lectures on "Recent Drama." Dr. Hill has already completed a series on "Infection, Protection, and Immunity," and Mr. Mackie is to deal with "Life and Literature in the later 18th century."

HONOURS LIST. ∞

* * *

We extend hearty congratulations to those students who have been successful at the recent University Examinations. The proportion of high honours is considerably above the average.

B.A. Honours.

Classics, 2nd Class, C. S. Gibbs. Modern Languages, 2nd Class, H. N. Lett; 3rd Class, Miss G. L. Lovell. History, 2nd Class, H. N. Thomas.

B.A. Pass.

2nd Division, R. P. V. Carpenter, Miss O. E. J. Foot.

B.Sc. Honours.

Chemistry, 2nd Class, B. F. Barnes. Botany, 2nd Class, Miss G. E. Martin.

B.Sc. Pass.

2nd Division, F. J. W. Booker, F. J. Hemmings, Miss D. G. Millard, R. Newman.

Subsidiary Mathematics.

Miss M. Bugden, L. H. S. Clark, Miss F. M. Loader, Miss D. F. Thomas.

Intermediate Arts.

H. G. Thorpe, with 2nd Class Honours in English.

Pass.

E. H. F. Bratcher, Miss G. M. Kitcatt, E. P. Knight, Miss M. T. Rider, Miss F. E. Robinson, Miss E. C. Roche, L. G. K. Starke, Miss E. M. Summers-Gill, Miss M. E. Weedon.

Intermediate Science.

E. F. King, L. A. Pretty, W. V. Stubbings, Miss H. S. G. Wallen, H. J. White.

Intermediate Science (Engineering).

A. S. Wallis.

Died in Action :

LIEUTENANT VIVIAN GEORGE STARKEY,
7th King's Own, Yorkshire Light Infantry.

LIEUT. GEORGE ALLAN BARFOOT (1903-6),
3rd Worcestershires.

CORPORAL HAROLD A. MILLARD (1913-14),
Royal Engineers.

We are glad to state that the report that Lieutenant K. C. Macdonell had been killed was untrue. Mr. Macdonell has been to the Western Front and was slightly wounded, but is now recovered.



STUDENTS WHO HAVE JOINED THE FORCES DURING THE OCTOBER TERM, 1915.

* * *

GLOUCESTERSHIRE—H. G. Thorpe.

R.G.A.—T. C. Gilgan, W. H. Jenkins, W. J. Jones, R. Scovell, F. J. Smith, H. H. Smith, R. F. Tully, P. C. Wright.

WELSH GUARDS.—W. G. Gammon.

INNS OF COURT O.T.C.—R. P. V. Carpenter, R. W. Taylor.

Q.V.R.—B. F. Barnes.

9TH HANTS.—H. W. Kitcatt.

MANCHESTER UNIV. O.T.C.—D. G. Holt.

GROUP SYSTEM.—A. G. Barber, F. T. C. Dove.

THE LATE PROFESSOR STARKEY.

* * *

VIVIAN GEORGE STARKEY was the only son of the late Reverend G. A. Starkey, of Whiteparish, Wiltshire, and St. James's, Piccadilly, and Mrs. Geldart-Riadore, of Miswells, Turner's Hill, Sussex. He was born in 1882. After preparation at Lyndhurst he went to Harrow, and he always cherished a strong affection for the school on the Hill. From Harrow he went up to Balliol, and he was one of the first men to graduate in the newly-formed Honours School of Modern Languages. Whilst still at Oxford he published, in conjunction with M. Berthon, a useful volume of philological tables. His interest was soon attracted by Romance philology. He pursued his studies at the Sorbonne for a year, and afterwards for four years at the University of Berlin. For some months he lived in the Carpathians amongst the Roumanian peasants, and as the result of his researches he wrote a treatise on the Roumanian dialects which gained him the doctorate of the University of Vienna with the highest distinction. His treatise would have been published at Vienna about a year ago but for the outbreak of war.

With a catholic taste in Universities, Mr. Starkey subsequently settled down for research work as a member of Christ's College, Cambridge, but he had been there only for the space of a term when, on the removal of Dr. Studer to Oxford, he was the successful candidate for the Professorship of Romance Languages in the University College of Southampton. As a teacher Professor Starkey was distinguished alike by his minute knowledge of his chosen subject and the enthusiasm with which he communicated it. It was his aim to convey his enthusiasm to others, and train up workers who would carry on research in the same field. But his energies were by no means confined to his own department. He was a most active member of the Library Committee. He was Secretary of the Stage Society, and took a leading part in the arrangements for the performance at the opening of the new buildings last year. He contributed to the College Magazine a vivacious account of some of his experiences in Roumania. He was interested in most forms of sport.

At the time when the war broke out, Professor Starkey was revolving many schemes. He had spent the Easter and the early part of the summer vacation in Berlin, on work intended for the doctorate of the University there. He was collaborat-

ing with Professor Vising, of the University of Gottenburg, Sweden, in an edition of an important Anglo-Norman text; and he was contemplating a visit to Spain with a view to further linguistic researches. He was in Berlin when the Continental War started, and he left only a few days before the outbreak of hostilities between Germany and Britain. From that moment it was his desire to get to the front, either as an interpreter or as a combatant. He was rejected time after time on the sight test, and when at last he managed to overcome this obstacle, he was accepted only on condition of his going through an operation for another matter. He underwent the operation, but the necessary process of recovery compelled him to decline several offers of interpreterships that he received from the War Office, and, having joined the Public School and Universities Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, he went into training in November, 1914. At the end of the year he obtained a commission in the 7th King's Own, Yorkshire Light Infantry.

He went out to France at the end of August, 1915. Before leaving England he was offered a post in the Intelligence Department of the War Office, but he refused it, preferring to go out with the men. During his early weeks at the front he had charge of all the billeting arrangements. He had been only a few weeks in the trenches when he met his death. On the night of October 14-15th, he was out in command of a party of men, mending the wire in front of the parapet. He was climbing the parapet on his return when he was struck by a chance bullet. His death was apparently painless. He lost consciousness shortly after he was hit. His companions did what they could for him, but from the first it was hopeless. He is buried in a registered grave-yard with other officers and men of the Regiment, and a cross will be erected on the spot.

Professor Starkey's death elicited a striking concurrence of testimony from his Colonel and other officers of the Regiment. All of them emphasised the same characteristics—points which can be well understood by any one who knew Starkey, though one knew him only in the surroundings of peace. He had earned the reputation of being one of the keenest and most fearless officers in the Regiment, equally talented, conscientious, and unassuming. He was liked and respected by all ranks, and enjoyed the devotion of his platoon.

The *Athenæum* has remarked on the loss to scholarship by his death, and notices of his career have ap-

peared in the *Morning Post*, the *Times*, and other leading journals. Professor Vising, on reading the news, wrote to express his profound regret at the loss of a friend whose solid qualities as a scholar and collaborator he highly appreciated. "We were preparing the publication of an important Anglo-Norman text; now I shall be alone to carry out our enterprise. But I shall not forget publicly to acknowledge my debt to him."

To those who knew Professor Starkey with any degree of intimacy, to speak moderately is difficult. Yet, knowing how modest he was, we feel that that is the only way in which he would like us to speak about him. His attainments as a scholar commanded respect. His qualities as a man commanded, in an especial way, our affection. And it is because that is so much the main thing after all, that we mourn the man, with little thought for the treatises which now will never be written, but with many and long thoughts for his chivalry, his generosity, and the glow of his presence and companionship in symposium, or as we faced together the rain and the wind on the heath.

J. W. H.



SONNET. X X X

* * *

Hartley! the place where all my thoughts do rest,
Is there a building that I love so well
As I do love thee? Oh! what words can tell,
What sentence can express my feelings best.

Within thy walls we have had many a jest;
When during lectures Cambrian voices swell,
And lecturers can scarce their noises quell,
And rigid swots think them an awful pest.

'Tis true thy men were noisy,—Ah! but now
Thy women miss their noise, for they are gone
To serve their King and Country for a bit.

Thy women often sit and wonder how
They'll manage to keep all things up alone.
To undertake the task they scarce feel fit.

M. E. P.

MAKING'S VISIBLE LIGHT-RAY.

By Norman F. Phillips.

* * *

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I HAVE for a long time wanted to make public the details of the remarkable disappearance of Harold Making, but so far I have hesitated. Making was my greatest chum: I alone was cognisant of many of his doings, and I shrank from publicity on account of the ties of friendship which bound us in life. However, no good will be done by covering up facts, and I now disclose all I know in the hope that it may lead to the discovery of something connected with his strange fate.

Harold, as everyone at the College knew, was a dabbler in many things. He had studied flying at the time when few people believed in it's possibility. A paper of his given in 1909 before the Royal Aero Club was allowed by many of the leading aeronautical engineers of that time to show a knowledge of some parts of the subject greater than their own. At this time Harold was deeply interested in Chemistry also, and although only nineteen years of age had made one or two discoveries in this line. I well remember his showing me one day in his little workshop-laboratory a luminous white powder which had the property of coating every metal it touched with a thin plating of an alloy very much resembling gold. He said, however, that it would be valueless, as it was cheaper to electroplate with pure gold than to manufacture the powder on any scale. Eventually he sold the idea to a large firm, and it has since been exploited.

In 1911 Making told me of a new discovery of his. He had succeeded in making light visible. As everyone knows, a beam of light, in the absence of dust or other reflecting matter, is entirely invisible, but by a system of electrical polarizing, Harold was able to exhibit a beam of light in a glass receptacle entirely free from dust. The appearance of the beam was remarkable in that at times something almost tangible would appear in parts of the beam: a sort of thickening of the light, impossible to describe otherwise. The beam, of course, was very small, but Harold had hopes of building a larger instrument to enable him to project a beam of visible light ten feet across. For this, he told me, he would require much larger electrical machinery.

This was in the month of December, 1911: Making had been at the College since the commencement of the term, but

he was not a full time student, and kept rather aloof from his fellows. He was busy having his new plant put in during the first three months of 1912, and I saw little of him, as I was reading for an exam. which came off in March. During the week after the exam., however, I received a chaffing note, asking me if I was still alive after my strenuous study, and inviting me down to his place in the country, where, as he said, "I have got a surprise for you, old man."

Of course I accepted, thinking that the country air would do me good, and on a Monday morning I went off from Waterloo to the little village twenty-five miles down the line. At the station Harold met me with a car, which embodied several ideas of his own: and on the way out to the house he explained to me what he had done. There was a note of exultation in his voice as he told the marvels to me. His new apparatus could project a beam of visible light of a diameter of $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and he told me that on the previous night he had seen in the beam——. But he would not say what.

"You'll see to-night, old boy," he said. "If I'm not mistaken, this is one of the greatest things of its kind since the X-Rays."

"Oh," I said, "is it going to be of any use?"

"Well——" There was uneasiness in his voice. "It may be the best, and it may be the worst thing the world has known. I don't know if it is controllable or not. If I can keep it in hand it will be a marvellous thing."

After dinner that night, when the servants had left, Harold explained further. "I have put up a slate screen," he said, "to prevent the rays going further than the end of the workshop. Some portion of them seem to have the power of penetrating wood and brick, and I don't want anything to happen."

"Do you project the beam——," I began; but he stopped me.

"Come along," he said, "and you shall see." He led me to his workshops, now transfigured beyond recognition. An outhouse had been added, in which were placed two marine engines of moderate size, 25-h.p., he told me. These each drove a dynamo, the current from which was led to a couple of transformers which he showed me at the end of the outhouse. From each of the transformers was led a single thick cable which carried the current to the apparatus in the next room. Harold started the engines and we went into the workshop, where he commenced an explanation in the techni-

calities of which I was soon floundering hopelessly. It seemed that the current in the two thick cables (which was "high tension") was of a peculiar type, differing in "phase" from any current previously used. It was led through "choke coils" and other things to the two huge electrodes which were the source of the visible light ray. At the other end of the room was the huge impenetrable slate slab. I stood and admired the bright brass fittings to the "condensers" while Harold arranged his apparatus for a few simple but pretty electrical experiments which I had often seen before, though never on such a huge scale. The huge sparks which he obtained by using the "choke coils" in conjunction with the "condensers" were more than 18in. long, and yet absolutely silent. The cat, which had followed us in, grew restive as Harold drew 6-in. sparks from the tip of its tail. After perhaps half-an-hour of this playing with the apparatus, Harold prepared for the great experiment. Outside, from the cloud bank which was rolling up, came distant flashes of lightning, getting rapidly nearer. The two huge electrodes were moved into place, the lights extinguished, and the blinds drawn to avoid inconvenience from the now frequent lightning flashes.

In the outhouse the motors purred contentedly. Harold closed a large switch, and with no noise save a faint hissing the light shone visible in a long wide beam from the electrodes. A large glass case, entirely exhausted of dust, was placed in the edge of the beam, and the edge showed perfectly clear and sharp. I was silent, while Harold made adjustments to his choking coils and condensers. Presently he spoke.

"You remember the queer movement which appeared in my small beam? Well, I find it present here also, and growing more distinct as I shunt more of the choke coils across the condenser. My first choke coils were not big enough to resolve this movement into anything, but I have ordered a larger coil, which arrived this morning, and is ready to be shunted in now. Watch!"

I looked. As Harold slowly cut in the "choke coil" there was a movement visible in the beam. Some parts seemed more solid than others. As the coil was adjusted the movement was more pronounced, and Harold and I were straining our eyes to see what it was. Suddenly the cat, alarmed at a long-peal of thunder, jumped into the midst of the beam, and—was not!

That is the only way in which I can describe the effect.

There was no flourishing disappearance; it simply was there one moment and gone the next! Harold switched on the lights and cut off the machine. Outside the thunder died away, and was succeeded by a violent torrent of rain. I looked at Harold in scared amazement. His face was white, and I have no doubt that mine was also. He tried to laugh.

"It happened before," he said. "A little puppy of mine went in the same way. He walked across the room and vanished absolutely."

We commenced again after I had heard the story of the puppy. The choking coil was gradually switched in, and the shadowy forms appeared again. Almost they seemed to be ghostly, as if they were white clothed figures very much out of focus. They did not confine themselves to the limits of the beam, but seemed to pass across and through it in all directions. Finally the limits of the choke coil were reached, and yet the figures were not distinct. Harold switched off.

"I am going to put both coils in series," he said. "It will be dangerous with all this thunder about, but I think we can risk that. I want to find out what those things are. I believe they are departed spirits." And, indeed, absurd though it may seem, something of the kind had crossed my mind.

"But why are there so many all in one place?" asked Harold. "Surely the whole world is not so thick with them as all that!"

Suddenly I thought of a whimsical idea of someone's—Edgar Allan Poe's, I believe. I suggested it to Harold. "If each succeeding generation dies and leaves ghosts," I said, "there must come a time when the world will get overcrowded with them. Perhaps that is what has happened already." He took my jesting words quite seriously. "I shouldn't be surprised," he said. "Perhaps they are already overcrowded to a very large extent."

He finished connecting up the coils. "Now," he said, "with all these in series we ought to see something."

The second coil he stood on top of the first, in front of us and between us and the beam. Outside the storm was approaching it's height; thunder reverberated and threatened to shake the house down. I seated myself, Harold standing beside me to work his instruments. The choke coil was gradually switched on and figures again appeared. The end of the first coil was reached and the second was slowly cut in. The engines laboured a little at the extra work, but soon picked up. The figures grew indistinct. They were dis-

tinguishable as in the likeness of Human Beings. They were constantly passing, and I did not notice any one of them more than once. Gradually the figures seemed to focus: they could be seen clothed in a shining white garment, with sweeping folds. We watched with all our eyes while the focussing process continued. Suddenly, on the advent of a particularly violent peal of thunder, the top choke coil swayed and commenced to fall. Harold stepped forward, tripped on the bottom coil, and before he or I could say anything a wonderful thing happened. He fell right forward into the beam, and as he struck it he was instantly transformed or transfigured into one of those white-robed figures. If I had not seen it with my own eyes I should not believe anything of the sort: still less could I set it on paper. But I saw, and I know. For an instant I saw his face, actually smiling at me. Then the top coil struck the floor; it burst with a huge blue-violet flash, and I know no more.

.

I awoke in a strange bed, where later I heard the rest of the story. I had been rescued by the servants from the fire which had been caused by the bursting of the coil. The workshop had been entirely wrecked, and with it all Harold's papers and apparatus. It was a marvel that I had escaped with my life,

But of poor Harold Making nothing further has been discovered.



OUR VISIT TO SWAY.

* * *

It was October 26th, 1915. By some marvellous dispensation of Providence we had managed to arrive at Sway at 9 a.m., that tragic hour when you fellow-students were still choking over your hasty breakfast, ransacking the house for swot books which had remained so long undisturbed and neglected that they were fain to make their appearance when dire necessity and sad occasion dear compelled you to disturb their season due; when the first lec. was still a dim and hazy future to you, we were waiting anxiously and eagerly to be admitted to that weird and wonderful fairyland known as the "Montessori" School. Nine o'clock came, and, tense with excitement and anxiety to commence the labours of the day, we approached this imposing sanctuary with all due solemnity and respect. But once again we were doomed to disappointment (verily, there is but little encouragement for the industrious in this country). The children were receiving instruction in the arts and mysteries of projecting their lone souls upon their true and destined course, and we were considered so proficient in this subject that we were granted one hour's respite in which to explore the wonders of the great and glorious village of Sway.

At the end of this brief period we returned to the school, weary and decidedly cold in body, but nevertheless still undaunted and persevering in spirit. The critical moment of the day for which we had lived and laboured so long had come at last.

We crossed the threshold of this famous Montessori School, of which hitherto we had heard so much but had seen nothing. But how the reality differed from our conceptions of a school in which the children were encouraged to develop their own individuality and learn by so-called "natural methods!"

We stood aghast, and gazed horrified on the scene of confusion before us. The room was crowded with children, males and females of all sizes and descriptions between the ages of five and seven. Each of these youngsters was attempting to develop his or her own personality by the method which most strongly appealed to him or to her, as the case may be. Some were expressing their own individuality by engaging themselves in the exciting process of making piles on the floor with wooden blocks, others by making wierd and wonderful hieroglyphics which they declared to be writing, and which they deciphered with amazing intelligence,

considering the intricate and complicated form which this so-called "writing" assumed. Then, again, others gave expression to their particular genius by drawing quaint six-legged horses or four-legged hens and mystic giants six inches in height and about an inch less in breadth, who inhabited doorless and windowless houses about half this size. Many and various were the ways of expressing individuality, and still more various were the results thereof; but there was at least one very evident benefit in this strange mode of education. The children were natural, if nothing else. At least, upon two of the more "rowdy" spirits the Montessori Educational System had had this effect, for behold! disregarding the presence of anyone save themselves, two boys were engaged in a thrilling, desperate hand-to-hand and fist-to-fist fight. You shall be spared the painful details of this ferocious fight, but, believe me, Briton never struck at German with greater deliberation and diplomacy than these two brother-yokels struck one at the other.

We sojourned in this sanctum of Athene for two solid, mortal hours, and at the end of that period our "inner mans," which had been entirely neglected since the most unearthly hours of the morning, began to assume themselves somewhat conspicuously, and guided our feet to the only tuck shop Sway could boast of. After partaking of the most sumptuous meal which Sway was capable of producing, we all felt in excellent trim for a walk, and were almost beside ourselves with joy when a voice from the ranks suggested that we should walk to Brockenhurst and entrain there for home, sweet home—or rather Coll., sweet Coll., for we had to attend classes in the afternoon as per usual.

Acting upon this impulse two of our members set off in a business-like manner to discover the times of the trains from Brock. Station. The rest of us, pining for something more exciting and romantic than pacing monotonously to-and-fro upon a narrow, unpicturesque, and inartistic railway bridge, walked slowly on as pilot and advance party to the rest of the company, who, we naturally concluded, would follow at leisure when the train service between Brock. and Southampton had been arranged to their satisfaction. But

"The way was long,
The wind was cold,"

and we soon found that necessity bade us quicken our pace, for our personal comfort if for nothing else. On, on we walked, enchanted by our surroundings, oblivious of every-

thing except the bitterness of the wind as we turned sharply from the sheltered lanes and found ourselves upon the broad and open heath. So delighted were we with what we saw and heard and said and did that (with shame I own it) we became oblivious even of the absence of the three lost companions of our tuneful art until we were approached from the rear by the two lost souls, who, in a breathless and almost exhausted condition, explained in incoherent phrases that there was no respectable train service from Brockenhurst, and that the only resource left to us now was to retrace our steps in double quick time in order to catch the train from Sway. Back we rushed at top speed, putting into practice all the beneficial hints on how to run to catch a train gleaned from our weekly trial of Physical Training. We invaded the station in a body (much to the alarm of the natives) and called anxiously upon the Stationmaster—only to learn the utter futility of our return journey, for alas! the train had departed fully five minutes before, taking our kind friend and protector, and whirling her back to home and Coll. and friends and that beloved tyrant whom we all so sincerely adore, namely, the great god "Swotte;" and we—we were left upon this foreign shore, unloved, uncared for, and unprotected. Here was a double tragedy, indeed! The train was gone, one of our noble company departed, we ourselves left stranded in this out-of-the-world little village, far away from our homes and our mothers, and our Coll. and our swot and all that was near and dear to us.

I think we should have yielded there and then to the despair which threatened to overcome us had not the Stationmaster come forward with such a brainy proposition as only stationmasters of high renown and good repute can conceive. He made the comforting and consoling suggestion that the only way in which to ensure a safe return that night was by taking the next train from Brockenhurst to Southampton. So, acting upon his advice, we set out once again upon that long and toilsome journey, this time dwelling more upon the enchantment of our own sorrows and sufferings than upon the delight of our surroundings.

At last, footsore and weary and distressed, we arrived at Brock. just in time to catch the train, which whirled us back again to those blessed and sacred scenes which we had left so joyously almost ten hours ago—so short and yet so long a time seemed to have elapsed since last we gazed upon those things of beauty and of joy. Yes, it was no wild dream, but a grim, stern reality. Here we were back once more in the dear old Common Room, where "the wicked cease from

troubling and the weary are at rest," giving vent to our emotions of joy and gladness at reunion with our companion not lost but gone before, and rejoicing over that which was lost and was found again.



THE JESTER'S BELLS ARE MUTE, HIS
CAP'S AWRY.

* * *

You ask for contributions
Of classical allusions
With present-day solutions.
But the Jester's bells are mute, his cap's awry.

You ask for smart "On dits,"
Odd metamorphoses,
For "Lapsus Linguae," please.
But the Jester's bells are mute, his cap's awry.

You ask for dainty verses,
An epigram which terse is,
Or choric song with thyrses.
But the Jester's bells are mute, his cap's awry.

Yet Hartley from our Muse another strain
Doth ask for those who left her at the call
Of the oppressed, the noblest death of all
Have died. Let, then, the dirge now rise and wane!
Soon to a joyful note it upward flies,
Telling our pride in their great sacrifice,
And our belief their death is not in vain.

THE INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MATTER.

+ + +

MATTER is indestructible!

At least, that is what eminent scientists regard as one of the fundamental facts of all chemical knowledge.—Hence, we ought to accept it as true.

It is doubtless known that when a cigarette is burnt, it becomes disintegrated. The perceptible results of the combustion are smoke and ash; of which the latter exhibits a great affinity for one's coat, and the former for one's eyes. It is also known that the weight of the products of the combustion would be equal to the weight of the original cigarette.

Again, taking a lighter view of the subject, let us consider the application of this theory to the common or garden house-fly. Breathes there the man (or woman) who has ever succeeded in wreaking just vengeance on this obnoxious creature for his aggravating propensities? Suppose one is endeavouring to polish off one's periodical portion of "swot-work"—in an arm-chair, before the fire, feet on the mantelpiece, and pipe lighted—with all the zeal of the student who realizes that there is but one day to the terminals. Suppose again that there is a fly in the room, exerting itself in its efforts to perform the "Aeroplane" waltz round one's ear. It can be demonstrated that this fly is altogether indestructible. Hit it over the head with a ruler, when it is not looking; and the next minute it is inspecting the silky nature of one's eyelashes. Catch it, and immerse it in a jug of water,—and in less than no time it is enthusiastically wiping its feet on one's immaculately parted hair. In fact it absolutely refuses to be destroyed.

Again, we have all heard of the soldier who was cleaning his boots behind the firing line, and who disappeared owing to his impeding the progress of a shell. Is matter destructible? Of course not—or how did this soldier write home six weeks later reporting his arrival at —— (somewhere in Germany) as a prisoner of war?

Yet, after these convincing proofs, there is one in our midst who will be ready to denounce the theory of the Indestructibility of Matter.

Listen! and you shall hear a story which will tend to prove that Truth is stranger than Fiction. It happened that our

noble College had sent forth its legions to combat those of the Grammar School, and before the commencement of the match our eleven utilized the fleeting moments by getting the ball into form. It so happened that on this particular occasion the gods (and goddesses—including Venus) were on our side. The latter had donned the Coll. colours, and had mingled with the concourse of mortals in similar garb.

Polly and Pussy, engaged in animated conversation, were standing on the goal line. So engrossed were these two over their discussion that they did not heed the danger to which they were exposed. Now, Polly had invested in a pipe, and was smoking it, when he wasn't using it to aid his power of expression.

"And all went merry as a marriage bell"

until (to quote the poet):

"A new planet swam into his ken."

In other words, Venus, with a powerful kick, misdirected the football towards this interesting couple. As the football collided with his instinctively uplifted hand Pussy was heard to muse on things in general. But as the leathern sphere rebounded on to the smiling features of the innocent Polly he failed, for once, to see any humour in the situation. And, as he also failed to see his pipe, he began to breathe forth threatenings and slaughter.

It is evident that before the football had interrupted the conversation Polly was wearing a pipe. It was still more evident that, after the impact, Polly was not wearing a pipe. Science came to the rescue and explained that the pipe must be somewhere, since Matter is indestructible. But Polly doubtfully shook his head, and instituted a careful investigation of the facts of the case. No matter what Science advanced in favour of the existence of the pipe, the exploration of the surrounding regions failed to bring to light the elusive article. Then it must be inferred that the pipe either vanished into mid-air, or was pocketed by an enterprising spectator. The latter theory may be dismissed, since no one saw the going of the pipe, and its whereabouts is unknown unto this day.

Hence, we may even now have to doubt the assertion that matter is indestructible.

.

It is sufficient to add that Polly had perforce to expend an additional sixpence that evening.

H. K.

QUOTATIONS APROPOS.

* * *

ADVICE TO SWOTS.

"Knowledge is not happiness and science,
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance."

Byron.

COLL. SONG.

"The solemn hymn to ancient music set."

Bogart.

BREAK.

"Sweet is pleasure after pain."

Dryden.

THOSE WHO HAVE JOINED.

"Seeking the bubble reputation
Even at the cannon's mouth."

Shakespeare, *As You Like It*.

THE WELCOME SMOKER.

"Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?"

Longfellow.

FLAG DAYS.

"We cannot always be giving."

Keble.

THE IDEAL STUDENT.

"Talk with respect, and swear but now and then."

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*.

A STUDENT'S NEEDS.

"Of books but few—some fifty score
For daily use."

O. W. Holmes.

M.C.R.

"I never saw the like."

Shakespeare.

THE SWOT.

"I will bury myself in my books."

Tennyson, *Maud*.

LECTURERS.

"Silence, beautiful voice!

Be still, for you only trouble the mind."

Tennyson, *Maud*.

MOSES AT DANCES.

"And now my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the *Daffodils*."

Wordsworth.

MR. PARRY'S COUGH.

"It was that fatal and perfidious bark."

Milton.

LECS.

"Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them."

Lamb.

MR. A - K - R.

"Take him up tenderly,
Lift him with care."

Hood.

TO THE BASHFUL SPEAKERS AT DEBATES.

"Hence with denial vain and coy excuse."

Milton.

AFTER INFANT CRIT. LESSON ON OCT. 13TH,

"There was silence deep as death
And the boldest held his breath
For a time."

Campbell.

MISS C - O P - E R.

"Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb."

Hood.

SWOT IN LIBRARY.

"Murmuring of innumerable bees."

Tennyson.

FOOTER.

"'Tis time to leave the books in dust."

CHORAL.

"Profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

Shelley

MR. BRATCHER.

"No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse."

Landor.

SCRUMS IN MEN'S COMMON ROOM.

"I hear a noise of Hims."

With apologies to Tennyson, *Sir Galahad*.

TO LADY HAIRDRESSERS.

"Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken and accuse thee."

Shakespeare, *King Lear*.

AFTER SOIREES.

"We'll go to supper in the morning."

Shakespeare, *King Lear*.

DANCE PROGRAMMES.

"Your name, fair gentlewoman?"

Shakespeare, *King Lear*.

BEFORE JOINING THE ARMY.

"I will make my very house reel to-night."

Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*.

ROOM 26.

"Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang."

Shakespeare.

M.C.R.

"Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place."

Cowper.

THOSE WHO JOINED.

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

Lamb.

SWOT AND BOOKS.

"My never failing friends are they
With whom I converse day by day."

Southey.

SCRUMS.

"Masters, spread yourselves."

Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

SMOKING COMPETITION.

"He does it with more grace, but I do it more
natural."

Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*.

MAN'S OPINION.

"If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle still."

Earl of Oxford.

MR. LUDFORD.

"Let Nature be thy teacher."

Wordsworth.

WAITING FOR GRANTS.

"Had I but plenty of money, money
enough and to spare."

Browning.

ART STUDENT.

"I am a painter who cannot paint."

Browning.

DURING LECTS.

"Sing me to sleep, love,
Sing me to sleep."

Song.

PUSSY.

"Give her but a least excuse to love me!"

Browning.

MR. KNIGHT (Poet Laureate).

"Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit;
Vex not thou the poet's mind;
For thou canst not fathom it."

Tennyson.

AT CHORAL.

"We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams."

O'Shaughnessy.

LAST DAY OF TERM.

"This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wished day,
Of all my life so dark."

Drummond.

"PUSSY."

"Demurest of the tabby kind."

Gray.

GRANTS.

"When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have money."

Carey.

"HITCHY."

"With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves."

Milton.

THE NON-SCRUMMER.

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife."

Landor.

A TYPICAL JUNIOR.

"Poor, reckless, rude, lowborn, untaught,
Bewildered and alone."

Doyle.

MATHS. STUDENT.

"Back to his book then ; deeper drooped his head,
Calculus racked him."

Browning.

NORMALS ON SCHOOL PRAC.

"Ah ! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?"

Longfellow.

THE JUNIOR REP.

"Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity."

Wordsworth.

U.C.S.

"Ye sacred nurseries of blooming youth !
In whose collegiate shelter England's flowers
Expand."

Wordsworth.

THE SMOKER.

"Briars and woodbines."

Burns.

SWOTS.

"Through and through the inspiréd leaves
Ye maggots make your windings."

Burns.

BURNS AS A PROPHET,

"Faitis mes baissemains respectueuses
To sentimental Sister Susie."

MESSRS. B - - R AND LU - RD.

"For who can write and speak as thou and I—
My periods that deciphering defy
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply."
Burns.

MILITARY DRILL.

"The harum-scarum, ram-slam boys,
The rambling squad."

Burns.

MR. M - G - RR.

"I kenned my Maggie."

Burns.

THE GEOGER. EXCURSION.

"We cam' on here to view your works
In hopes to be mair wise."

Burns.

MESSRS. BRATCHER, ETC.

"They have been at a great feast of languages
and stolen the scraps."

Shakespeare.

S.P.C.M.

"And thereby hangs a tale."

Shakespeare.

THIRD YEAR MEN.

"We have seen better days."

Ibid

MR. K - - T.

"Though last, not least, in love."

Ibid.

MR. BRATCHER AT DEBATES.

"Well said, that was laid on with a trowel."

Shakespeare.

PERCY.

"He had a face like a benediction."

Cervantes.

SCRUMS.

"Some force."

Butler, *Hudibras*.

DEBATES.

"Some say."

Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

EQUAL TREATMENT.

"Some smack."

Shakespeare, *Henry IV*.

MR. GAMMON AT FOOTER.

"Some might."

Young, *Love of Fame*.

JUNIORS.

"Some things."

Anon.

JUNIOR-SENIOR SOCCER MATCH.

"Again, again, again, and the scoring did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Juniors to our cheering sent us back."

Campbell.



THERE'S MANY A SLIP.

* * *

THE clock struck half-past eight as I took my place at the breakfast table. My landlady looked at the clock and then at me. I looked at the clock and then at my landlady. Then we set to work to attack breakfast.

Now, it is in the natural order of things that I should have plenty to hinder me when, for once in a way, I happened to be late. Of course, when I say "late"—I mean comparatively speaking,—for I am always at Coll. before 9.30 a.m. Well, on this particular occasion I had risen at 8.15, had shivered into my clothes, and had managed to present myself at breakfast in less than fifteen minutes. The morning was not conducive to a spirit of good humour. The temperature was below zero (on the word of honour of my thermometer). I had been forced to dress by candle-light, and in coming down stairs in my socks I had barked my toes on a protruding nail. Surely that was enough to rouse the latent wrath of any ordinary unoffending person—but unfortunately there was more to come. I was not in a particularly good temper that morning, but imagine my feelings when I beheld reposing on my plate at breakfast—a bloater of the very first order, meekly awaiting its fate. Now, nothing is more aggravating than the sight of a bloater when one has a desire to hurry through one's breakfast. It is impossible to eat a bloater quickly—unless one desires to spend a season of refreshing (from the wearying routine of lecs.) in the local hospital, undergoing operations for appendicitis and other funny things which are attendant on swallowing large quantities of fish bones. However, I swallowed my grievances and a cup of tea, and set to work to eliminate the undesirable, *i.e.* the bones, from my breakfast.

I succeeded in accomplishing this feat before the clock struck quarter to nine. How many bones I managed to digest during the course of the morning I hesitate to say.

It is needless to remark, however, that I felt pleased with myself, having got the better of that fish in a quarter of an hour.

My good humour having been restored, and as I had no time to spare, I began to sort out my books and pack my attaché-case in readiness for my departure to College. Putting on my overcoat, wrapping up my hands in two pairs of gloves, and tying my neck up in a scarf completed all the

necessary preparations for a necessary but unwelcome journey. By this time it was close on nine o'clock, and taking up my trusty ash and my attaché-case I sallied forth to the discharge of my daily duties.

I was not late!—indeed, I was already on the road to Coll., and there was still two minutes to the hour. But I had soon to alter my opinions—for I made a startling discovery.

I had only reached the second electric light standard when I felt cold in the region of my feet. I was unable to surmise why those portions of myself should be at a lower temperature than other parts. I was in too great a hurry to carefully investigate the phenomena, but with the aid of a little logic, deductive and inductive, I was calculating the possibility of the temperature of the various portions of one's body varying as the distance from one's brain, when I was aware of a similar sensation to that which I should have felt had I been wearing nines in shoes. In short, my shoes seemed extremely loose. I bethought myself that my shoe lace was undone. I had carefully selected some choice phrases with which to remonstrate with the unruly shoes, and was preparing to drop my bag and stick and remedy the evil when I was stricken with horror. I thought it possible that I was still in bed dreaming, and shook myself to dispel the fearful vision. But, alas, it was no trance, and I was compelled to accept as a fact that which I wished was fancy. I beheld, not my shoes, but my SLIPPERS! I had forgotten, in my excitement, to put on my shoes. Then it was that I came to the conclusion that I was late.

“HITCHY.”



LAPSUS LINGUAE. ❧

▼ ▼ ▼



A century, or at least *four hundred* years ago.

Mr. White.

Empty bags of air.

Prof. Shelley.

Before we get to hell I'll tell you . . .

Miss Fox.

Sir Richard only laughed *for one bar*.

Mr. Leake.

Take the quantity to the *C-side*, and square it.

Mr. Davis.

This only applies to *children of forty*.

Miss Fox.

No one knew what was going to happen. I did!

Mr. Leake.

They gave me a piece of *solid tubing*.

Mr. Dingle.

A definition of a machine which would include all things and *exclude everything else*.

Prof. Eustice.



"VENDETTA." ❧ ❧

▼ ▼ ▼

THEY were huddled together in an awestruck group, talking in hoarse whispers and casting many an anxious glance from time to time in the direction of the door. The voice of their leader rose above the subdued murmurs: "We *must* do it. We *must* have our revenge. Who will volunteer?" Each little culprit glanced uneasily at her neighbour, drew in her breath and—waited. "Come on—who's going to have the pluck?" At last one timid little ink-stained fist crept slowly up from one of the braver spirits, and, encouraged by this, up shot another. A gasp of relief sounded through the room, followed by a subdued cheering.

Who were these young conspirators? What were they doing? Where were they? These questions I feel sure are the natural outcome of the above thrilling discourse. Let me seek to satisfy all those who are subject to the "natural outcome." They were the Juniors. They were hatching a plot by which they intended to have their revenge. They were congregated in the sacred precincts of the W.C.R.

Our brave volunteers, by this time almost in a state of collapse, would probably have backed out but for the kindly encouragement given by their "brothers in conspiracy."

Slowly they divested themselves of their shoes and crept to the door. They peeped anxiously forth, and, seeing the coast clear, sallied out upon their perilous task. Their object was to perpetrate a fearful crime against their worthy Seniors, who in time past had seen it necessary to "sit upon" them rather severely, having kindly consideration for their moral and spiritual well-being.

Their task was at length completed, and they reappeared in the midst of their brethren (or sistren) flushed with victory, and delivered up their spoils. (Yes, their crime was—*theft*.)

At that period in the morning when all and sundry cease their arduous labours for fifteen minutes brief respite, two of the noble army of Seniors decided to sally forth for the purpose of obtaining a quantity of that delectable dainty known as "choc." for the physical sustenance of their fellows. They were about to array themselves in their outdoor attire when one of them saw what had happened. She communicated her knowledge to her confrère, who gasped—"The little beggars! But look at their own!" Joy! their plot had fallen flat. A few moments and the Seniors were able to proceed on their way rejoicing.

Let me explain. The little dears had, in their effort to "pay out" the afore-mentioned worthy Seniors, stolen their hatpins—but they had, in their youthful innocence, left their own. What could be easier than for the Seniors to take theirs, and at lunch time each Senior calmly made her choice from the array of hatpins.

Moral.—To Juniors—Ye have much to learn. Never do unto Seniors those things that ye would not they should do unto you, and unless you're pretty sure that they can't return the compliment with interest.

"4."



THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

• • •

"OUR de-ar lit-tle friends had just been moved up in-to the Big Boys, and they felt such Big Boys, too. Their new teach-er, Mis-ter Par-ry, told them that they must re-mem-ber to be-have *like* the Big Boys now they were Big Boys, and not like *lit-tle* boys an-y long-er.

Then he told them that he had ev-er such a nice piece for them to learn. It was all a-bout a little girl called Ma-ry and her Lit-tle Lamb. He re-ci-ted it to them, and they all said it was nice, and they would so like to learn it. So their teach-er said the first line and they all said it af-ter him. That is, all ex-cept one of them. So their teach-er went and called for the Gee-Gee that is kept for on-ly the Bad Big Boys. But our lit-tle friend did not want to ride up-on the Gee-Gee that was kept for on-ly the Bad Big Boys, so he said the first line *ev-er* so nice-ly, after his teach-er. The oth-er boys did not want to ride on the Gee-Gee that was kept for on-ly the Bad Big Boys eith-er, so they all said their piece just as nice-ly as *ev-er* they could.

Then they said it right through, like this, and it was so nice:

"Ma-ry had a little Lamb,
It's fleece was white as soot,
And ev'-ry-where that Ma-ry went,
It's soot-y foot he put."

Then their teach-er told them they had said it *so* nice-ly that they could go home. So they all stood up at at-tention and Mis-ter Par-ry said "Good Morning, Boys," and they all

SOCIETY NOTES.

sa-lu-ted and said "Good Morn-ing, Sir," and then went home to tell their Mum-mies and their Dad-dies what a *nice* teach-er they had in the Big School, and what a *love-ly* piece he had taught them.

Is'n't this a *bee-u-ti-ful* story of our *dee-ar* lit-tle friends? If you are good you shall have an-o-ther next time. And tell your Mum-mies and your Big Sis-ters that there is *such* a nice sto-ry, all for them, start-ing next week. It's called "The Love Sto-ries of a Flap-per." Does-n't it sound scrump-tious?

So now, good-bye for a whole week; and don't for-get to ask your Mum-mies for your pen-nies to get the *love-ly* sto-ry of our Lit-tle Friends that I'm go-ing to tell you next time.

Good-bye, from your loving

AUNT MOLLY.

(C. A. 3.)



CHRISTIAN UNION NOTES.

(WOMEN'S BRANCH).

✱ ✱ ✱

At a Committee Meeting held on the Saturday before Term commenced, it was decided that all Sunday afternoon meetings this year should be for both men and women and should be held every week. It was also decided that the Welcome Tea should be held the following Saturday, and that it should be open to all.

The Welcome Tea took place on the 9th October, in the W.C.R., and was attended by about eighty people. Dr. Hill presided, and after tea gave the Juniors a welcome on behalf of the C.U. He pointed out that the C.U. stands for idealism in College, and that amidst the temptations to a materialistic outlook, it is necessary to form ideals which will remain after College days are over.

After tea, the musical part of the programme took place, and then the presidents of both branches gave short addresses, explaining what the C.U. is, what it stands for, what it seeks to do, and how it seeks to do it; and answering possible objections and explaining difficulties. They again extended the invitation to every one to attend the meetings.

We had a visit from our travelling secretary, Miss Constance Garside, for two days. On the first day a general tea was held, followed by a short address from Miss Garside. On the second day a Committee Meeting was held.

Sunday afternoon meetings have been held every week at the Y.M.C.A. Rooms in Ogle Road, at 2.45 p.m., when we have had addresses from various local speakers, who have adapted their subjects admirably to the possible needs of students.

We have held an Intercession Meeting every Wednesday at 1.0 1.15 p.m., with an average attendance of about sixteen people.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

* * *

The first general meeting of the Society took place on October 22nd, the Speaker taking the chair at 7 o'clock.

The Prime Minister (Mr. Wallis) rose to propose "That the opinion of the House is that, as a preparation for life, a University Education is an Utter Failure." He spoke of the futility of the lecture system, inasmuch as the excessive cramming necessitated by it cramped and deadened the intellect. A false idea of life was gained by the student, whose sphere of action was limited by excess of theory.

The Leader of the Opposition (Miss Lunn) contended that a University is a little world in itself—the beginning of life itself. Study was justified by the fact that learning was one of the ideals of the age.

The Hon. Member for Chandlers Ford (Miss Singleton) seconded the Prime Minister, and the Hon. Member for Eastleigh (Mr. Watts) supported the Opposition.

A short discussion followed, several members taking part.

Result of Division .. For ..	13
Against ..	29
Majority Against ..	16

The Motion was thereupon declared defeated.

At the second general meeting on November 5th, the Prime Minister (Mr. White) rose to propose "That, in the opinion of the House, Chivalry between the sexes is an Anachronism." He commenced with a description of mediæval chivalry, and then outlined the change that had taken place in the female character; woman's true function towards man was that of advisor and counsellor.

The Leader of the Opposition (Miss Finch) spoke of the existence of chivalry to-day, which, in her opinion, animated the British Army. Her contention was that "chivalry to women was the basis of England's greatness."

The Hon. Member for Beaulieu (Miss Malcom) supported the Government, and the Hon. Member for Winton (Mr. Knight) seconded the Opposition.

The discussion which followed was extraordinarily feeble.

Result of Division .. For ..	3
Against ..	50
Opposition Majority ..	47

The Motion was thereupon declared defeated.

The third general meeting was held on November 26th, the proceedings consisting of Impromptu Speeches by some 28 members of the Society. The experiment was on the whole successful, the subjects being decidedly varied. Votes by ballot were taken at the conclusion of the meeting for the best man and best woman speakers.

Results—Man, Mr. Ludford; Woman, Miss Malcom.

F.C.L.

FOOTER NOTES. ❧

GAMMON—Captain and left-back. He possesses a fine turn of speed, a powerful kick, and a thorough knowledge of the game. He is the mainstay of the team, and time and again has saved his side from defeat.

TULLY—A thoroughly reliable half, good in both defence and attack. A good tackler, and always consistent.

JONES—Inside-right. Inclined to be slow, but, nevertheless, dangerous in front of goal. Combines well with his colleagues.

GREGORY—Vice-Captain and centre-forward. Splendid shot and dashing in play. A good leader of the attack, and unselfish in his methods.

GILGAN—Outside-left. A good wing man, but unfortunately unable to play regularly through injury.

JAGO—Goal. Useful and quick in anticipating a shot. Is improving in handwork.

KIRCATT—Centre-half. A splendid pivot for the team. Tackles well, is a fine shot, and a great help to the forwards, but in the latter matches has been kept off the field through injury.

THOMAS—Outside-left. Fast and possessing good control of the ball; places his centres accurately.

PARRY—Most useful among halves or forwards. A good shot, combines well, and is a good tackler.

BRATCHER—Outside-right. Speedy, but lacks weight. Centres and shoots well. Somewhat erratic at times.

CARPENTER—A strong kick; equally good at half, back, or forward. Fast and sure, and dangerous in front of goal.

ALKER—Right-back. A useful man and a strong kick, but a little unsure at times.

PRETTY—Good half, but unable to play consistently owing to injury.

Braine, Wallis, Jenkins and Collings have each played in one match and shown good form.



Seniors v. Juniors. 15—1.

Jenkins, Jones, Thomas, Carpenter, Bratcher.

v. Taunton's. Away. Lost, 5—3.

v. A Thornycroft's XI. Won, 2—0.

Gammon, Thomas.

v. Victoria Rangers. Draw, 1—1.

Thomas.

v. Grammar School. Away. Won, 3—2.

Parry, Gregory (2).

v. Taunton's. Away. Lost, 7—1.

Gregory.

H. W. K.

